

## DECEMBER.

BY P. B. WEST.

Again December comes,  
The closing of the ~~year~~, *month*,  
Snow clad, in sunshine, or in storm,  
A shroud, of pure enameled white  
It weaves, for the lost months  
That never can appear.

Briskly December comes,  
Not saddest of the ~~year~~ *months*,  
This the month of friendly gath'ring,  
And Christmas carols, and of songs  
Where children meet, and part  
Still holding friends more dear.

The young in anxious thought,  
Anticipation sweet,  
With eye, and more attentive ear,  
Have caught the preparation made  
For Christmas tree, with boughs  
That pendant gifts complete.

Gaily, O ! gleeful month,  
With bells and merry belles,  
In unison beat loving hearts  
While bounds the sleigh and noble steed,  
Time flies, as fading stars  
Or waning moon foretells.

Ere while both youth and age  
With wit and beauty vie  
In festive hall, where music chimes,  
Till from the mazy, weary dance,  
The coyly parting guests  
For respite now apply.

Swiftly thus pass the hours,  
May next December's sun,  
As brightly shine, as mild its rays  
Fall on our path, dark shades dispel ;  
And stainless record give,  
How hearts were lost and won.